

Rhythm in Tension

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Rhythm in Tension

by [isntitcrazy](#)

Summary

Day 5: Band AU

“I only have one bed.”

Dream shrugged. It was pathetic how much difficulty he had to make that motion. “So?”

“I’m not sharing a bed with you.”

At some point, Dream lost his room key. Hopefully George is nice enough to let him in.

Notes

i am back and it is time for more

this is barely a band au lol i didn't make that aspect of it very important uh,, oops ? still smut tho and i think that's why people follow me

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It was the first tour they'd gone on together. They learned quickly that they had no idea what they were doing.

Dream had never felt so clumsy and stupid before, not in his entire life. Not even as an objectively idiotic kid, or a teenager who screwed up too many times and sped down the highway at seventy over the speed limit. It was only their fifth show in the lineup and he could barely count all the mistakes they'd made, every mishap just adding to a harsh cloud inside his head. From failed punctuality to blown out lights, the band's luck was less than favorable.

And that misfortune proved to have favorites. Or, least favorites. Dream wasn't sure which label to choose, but he knew that whichever it was, it would be assigned to him. He was, decidedly, the unluckiest member of the band. He was the one whose microphone failed the mic check more often than not, and it was his guitar they'd forgotten at the hotel on the night of their first show, and it was his spotlight that died first the night before.

After a long rehearsal of arguing with Sapnap about the tempo and fighting George over harmonies, after a show that stretched on forever and wore his vocal chords out to shreds, after a ride in a rental car through the bad part of town to get back to their hotel—Dream was finally stood in front of his room. The room he had all to himself, with an empty, made bed and hot water in the shower. He was here, and he'd *finally* catch a break. Get a chance to relax, unwind. It would be nice. No chance for pathetic fuck ups, and even if there was, no one had to see them.

If only he had his room key.

Dream had dug through his pockets with slow hands. Turned himself frantic when he pulled out his wallet, dragged fingers through rows and rows of cards and came up with nothing but *old* room keys. The ones belonging to hotels from earlier in the tour—which, in hindsight, he was probably supposed to return those to the front desk. It didn't matter *now*, and he was far too distracted to care about stolen key cards.

None of them would open the door he was standing in front of. And when he pried the case off his phone in a last-ditch effort, he found nothing but a slip of old song lyrics scrawled out in Sapnap's messy penmanship. But there was no key, not anywhere he could find.

Dream let his head fall against the door. It made a too-loud *bang* for it being nearly half past three in the morning. So he swallowed the displeased groan, straightened his aching spine and considered his options.

There were probably people at the front desk who could get him a new key. *But that's so far away.* Maybe he hadn't looked hard enough? *He had.* What if it was in the rental car? Or lingering at the venue somewhere? *Pathetically unhelpful.*

Dream let his eyes drift to the rooms lining the hallway. Sapnap was on the floor above him. George was six doors down.

And Dream was knocking on the door of room 404 before he even registered moving. He tried to be quiet with the tap of his knuckles, careful in an attempt to not bother the surrounding rooms. Careful to keep the sound audible to George and George only, for that was the only person it'd matter to. He heard shuffling from inside the room and he stepped back slightly, tried to smile in the direction of the peephole on the off chance George was peering into it.

The door opened rather abruptly. An obviously frustrated George stood in front of Dream, dressed

in a loose t-shirt and sweats with a towel rubbing haphazardly through his hair. He looked about ready to knock the teeth out of Dream's head, eyebrows lowered and lips turned out. There was a heavy weight of *tired* spread all across his face, the towel in his hand falling heavy to his side. His hair was messed and wet. Dream tried not to stare the lone water droplets coasting down George's neck.

And Dream tried to look nice. He wore a smile on his lips and shifted awkwardly on his feet, the hands in his pockets not as defensive as crossed arms. He probably should've said something, but he didn't. He was caught up in the hair stuck to George's forehead, in how strangely entrancing that narrow look in his eyes was, in how low that collar dipped and how sharp and pretty his collarbones were.

Fuck, Dream was tired. He needed sleep and a clear head.

"You gonna tell me what you want?" George asked harshly, his voice dipped rougher with prolonged exhaustion. "I'm tired, Dream."

Dream cleared his throat, shaking his head slightly as if that would send his weird thoughts to the floor. *Of course George looked pretty like this, he was always pretty—like when he played his stupid bass with those long, elegant fingers.*

"I lost my room key."

George lowered his eyebrows further. "And? What do you want me to do about it?"

He was awful snappy when he was tired. Dream swallowed a playful tease about George being a *brat*, tried to replace those words on his tongue with a greater explanation. He tugged one hand from his pocket and ran it through his hair, forcing his eyes to fall to the floor instead of George. Maybe that would help his racing mind.

"Can I sleep in your room?" His tone was strangely hopeful. Dream was thankful he didn't let himself see George's reaction. "I don't feel like getting a new key. I'll get one in the morning or something."

"I only have one bed."

Dream looked back up at George's tightened features. He'd slung the white towel over his shoulder, hand gripping the edge of the door with a sense of furious urgency. It was *unfair* that he looked so damn good right now. He was running on not nearly enough sleep—he should have heavy bags beneath his eyes, red and purple and similar to bruises. He should look like he'd just worn himself to the bone, because he had.

Not like this. *Not like this.*

Dream shrugged. It was pathetic how much difficulty he had to make that motion. "So?"

"I'm not sharing a bed with you."

"Oh, *come on!*" It was far too whiny for his own good. "At least let me in to talk. Other people are trying to sleep, George."

George rolled his eyes, but he stepped out of the way to let Dream in anyways. He closed and locked the door behind him, wandered into the bathroom to get rid of that towel, leaving Dream to stand alone in the center of George's hotel room. The one bed in question was made, littered with the clothes that had been worn earlier and a plugged-in phone.

When George returned, he started clearing the bed. Threw everything haphazardly on the floor in the corner, piled on top of his suitcase with the clamoring thought of *I'll deal with this later*. Loud enough for Dream to hear it. And when George turned to look at him, he still looked just as frustrated as he had in the doorway.

A horrible excuse for light illuminated off his cheekbones. Even with the distance between them, Dream could see the space of freckles on his skin.

"Why didn't you go to Sapnap?" George prodded, pacing away from his mess of laundry in the corner to fiddle with the things on his nightstand.

"He's farther away," Dream defended. "You were just down the hall."

"Whatever." He sounded defeated. "I'm still not sharing my bed with you. You can sleep on the floor or whatever."

Dream sputtered momentarily. "*George!*"

"Go ask Sapnap, I'm sure he'll *beg* you to cuddle him."

"But I'm already here," Dream whined. "It's not like it's weird. We've been packed closer in a stupid tour bus, sharing a bed with me shouldn't be a big deal."

"No."

"I've known you for ten fucking years, George!" Dream bit back the urge to grab him by the shoulders and shake him. "Please?"

"I said no, Dream." George rolled his eyes, pulling his sheets back slowly. "But the floor's all yours."

"That's cruel," Dream argued. "After a show, George? And you're gonna tell me to sleep on the floor?"

George shrugged indignantly. Dream narrowed his eyes.

"Well," Dream pursed his lips, "can I use your shower?"

George shrugged, climbing beneath the sheets. "Sure."

"I'm not done with this argument." Dream pointed an accusatory finger in George's direction. "Just wait. I'll come back."

George shrugged, leaning up against the headboard. He turned on his phone and didn't pay Dream any mind. He totally didn't glance up when he saw a flash of tan skin start turning the corner into the bathroom, the shirt he'd been wearing caught in his hands. George wasn't looking at him, nor was he thinking about it at all.

He just *couldn't* share a bed with Dream.

But Dream fully planned to be stubborn. And he started the shower with minimal difficulty, stood in the center of the room and stripped himself amidst a flurry of muttered thoughts beneath his breath. He couldn't help but think about how annoying George was, how annoyingly hot he looked, how fucking hard-headed the idiot was.

It was just sharing a bed. They were *best friends*, they'd been cramped together in tiny spaces

before. Sure, the fact it was a bed and not a van made it slightly more intimate, but it shouldn't matter that much. It was a queen-sized bed for crying out loud, it's not like they'd have to be that close.

While Dream rinsed himself beneath hot water, he thought of fresh arguments to make. Promises not to touch George, to keep on his side of the mattress. To pretend like it never even happened if that's what George wanted. This was out of necessity and nothing else. Because the only reason Dream didn't go to Sapnap was because he was on a different floor, not because the idea of sharing a bed with George was just so much more appealing.

Dream came out of the bathroom wearing nothing but his boxers. George had seen him in that much before, and he wasn't about to sleep in *jeans*. The lack of shirt was more out of a want to keep the one he currently had dry, because his chest was dripping quite excessively with water, as was his hair. And Dream didn't miss the way George's gaze lingered on all the bare skin, or the way it caught a drop of water when it rolled down the side of his neck.

"If you're sharing a bed with me, you have to wear a shirt."

Dream raised an eyebrow. "Oh? You've changed your mind?"

George groaned, dropping his phone in his lap to cross his arms over his chest. He looked away from Dream and towards the window, where the heavy blinds were drawn shut and not a hint of moonlight spilled onto the floor.

"Shut up," he argued meekly. "I just had time to think about it. And I guess you're right, it doesn't matter." He looked back toward Dream cautiously, the eye contact pitifully intentional. "You just can't touch me."

"I won't," Dream said quickly. "I'll keep to my side."

"And you'll put clothes on?"

A grin edged at the corner of his lips. "I'll see what I can do."

"Dream."

"What?" Dream gestured to the clothes in his hand. "I'm locked out of my room, this is all I've got."

"You could—"

"And I can't borrow your clothes." Dream let a cocky smirk slide across his face. "You're tiny, George. They'd never fit me."

Beneath shitty yellow light, George's cheeks turned pink. "Whatever. Just put on your stupid shirt or it's the floor."

"Okay."

Dream put on his *stupid* shirt. Dropped his jeans and belt and shoes onto the floor outside the bathroom, knocked his hand against the plastic of the switch to turn the lights off. And when he started to climb into George's bed, he didn't fail to notice how close to the edge George had put himself. He tried not to think too hard about it, and after George put his phone down, he moved a pillow to sit between them.

“There.” George pulled the covers over himself and the pillow. “You can’t cross that.”

Dream nodded in agreement. He was only a *little* upset that George had gone for a physical boundary. It made it harder to accidentally cuddle him, made it harder to blame very intentional cuddling on an accident. But he really didn’t want to sleep on the floor, so he let George do as he pleased. Watched him shut the lights out completely, swallowing the both of them in darkness.

He heard George shift to lay down, could barely spot the outline of his body through the lightless room. All they had was the tiny red light on the radiator beneath the window, the hint of a night light spilling out from the bathroom floor, the light glow of a digital clock on the table beside George. Dream slid himself down the mattress, too, felt his hand touch the pillow laid between the two of them and closed his eyes.

He felt strangely awake.

Maybe it was just from being up and about a few moments ago. Maybe it was the fact that his hair was still wet. Maybe it was the strangeness of a hotel he’d never been to, a bed he’d never slept in, a room that wasn’t his. There were perfectly acceptable explanations for the fact that his eyes had fallen open again, explanations that had nothing to do with the uneven breathing coming from someone on the other side of the pillow, or even just the *thought* that George was lying there.

They were so close. But George had put that pillow between them. And through that obstruction and the heavy darkness, the only reminder Dream had that George was there was the sound of him. The occasional rustle of fabric whenever George moved, the comforting sound of his breath. Dream tried his best not to think about it. Tried again to close his eyes and hoped he’d fall asleep this time, but he didn’t.

It was all George. It was always George. It was always going to be George.

Dream couldn’t tell if it had even been five minutes. Time was ever-slow and there wasn’t a single clock within his field of vision, and he’d dropped his phone on the floor in the pile with his clothes. But even if he’d only been laying there a minute, even if George was already sound asleep, he threw his arm over that stupid pillow and felt his fingers brush along warm skin.

George jolted. With the quick movement, the hand Dream had on him fell away. And the sheets rustled against George’s body, and he *would’ve* shifted himself farther away from Dream if he weren’t already teetering on the very edge of the mattress. He hoped his avoidance would clue Dream in enough to screw off, but he was persistent as ever. He rolled over further, laying on his stomach and halfway across the pillow so he could get his hand back on George.

George sat up abruptly, flicking on the light beside the bed. He cast Dream an accusatory look, hoping uselessly that Dream wouldn’t notice the flush on his cheeks. Dream only sat up halfway, rested his chin on the heel of his palm and wore a lazy smile. The casual existence of his friend only served to make George angrier. He lowered his eyebrows.

“Dream,” he said slowly, “I was *very* clear with where the line was.”

Dream pouted in playful disappointment, but his lips were still smirking even through the act. “But I wanna touch you.”

“I had *one rule*.”

Dream rolled his eyes. “We’ve cuddled before, George.”

“Yeah,” George sat up further, averting his eyes from Dream, “but that was like three fucking years

ago!”

“And?” Dream sat up beside George, picking up the pillow and casting it aside. “What’s changed since then?”

“A lot,” George mumbled. He wasn’t sure if Dream even heard it.

“If anything, I’d say we’re closer,” Dream argued. “So, me touching you shouldn’t be a problem.”

“Well, it is!” George huffed, crossing his arms like a petulant child. “Now put the pillow back. I wanna go to sleep.”

“Do you?” Dream teased, one of his hands sliding up to rest on George’s thigh. “Is that *really* what you want, George?”

His face was far too red to be convincing. “Yes.” And he still refused to meet Dream’s eyes.

“George,” Dream urged, tightening the grip he had on his thigh. “Look at me.” His head turned with embarrassing speed. Dream caught the dilation in his pupils. “Is that really what you want?”

No. It had never been what he really wanted, but when Dream looked at him like *that*—quirked lips, narrowed eyes, hot with arrogance—he was even less sure in his arguments. He tried to keep fighting him, tried to remind Dream that they had *boundaries* and they were *friends* and Dream *probably shouldn’t be touching his thigh like that*. But nothing fell past his lips besides a pathetic whimper.

Dream laughed. It was low, caught in breath, somehow hotter than the expression he wore on his face. And his grip tightened further. He inched closer to George on the bed.

“Tell me, George,” he dragged his hand up closer to George’s waist, “is there any particular reason you wanted something sitting between us?”

“Because,” George huffed in defeat, pitifully entranced by the warm touch on his thigh, “I didn’t want to do anything I’d regret.”

“What’d you regret?”

“Well,” George sighed. “Like—like *this*. Your hand. That close to... yeah.”

George’s head spun away from Dream again. He fixed his gaze on the radiator’s light in the distance like it was somehow more interesting than Dream’s hand. Though he’d stared at Dream’s hands a thousand times before—wrapped around a microphone, playing chords on his guitar, even all the stupid stuff like gripping door handles at the entrances to venues—but something about here and now made it feel *wrong*.

It was the bed. It was always the bed, and the fact that there was only one, and the fact that they were both sitting in it. It was far too intimate. They shouldn’t be here like this. Dream shouldn’t have come here, and if he did, George should’ve made him sleep on the floor.

Or, George should’ve slept on the floor himself.

“My hand?” Dream placed two fingers on George’s chin, spinning his head back to look him in the eyes. “That close to...” he slid his hand up further, grazed the touch over George’s sweats, “this?”

George shuddered. He wished the breath he’d taken wasn’t loud enough for Dream to hear, but

when they were sitting so close together it was bound to be. He wished he could swallow it back out of the air.

“Yeah,” George whispered, “that.”

Dream pressed his hand down harder. “You’re getting hard.”

“I know.”

His eyes fell to Dream’s lips. Still smirking, still parted just enough to catch a flash of too-white teeth. He tried to pull his gaze up as fast as it had fallen, tried to rake back over the freckle-covered face and the tawny eyes blown wide, but he’d lingered just enough for it to be noticeable. And Dream did the same to him, gazed longingly at a pair of full lips and didn’t miss when George’s tongue darted out to lick them.

“Can I kiss you?” Dream’s voice had a tone to it that was like he didn’t have his hand on George’s dick right now. It would’ve been jarring if he weren’t so turned on.

“Please.”

George let his eyes fall shut. And Dream was kissing him.

He didn’t bother to keep his mouth closed. Neither of them did. It was four in the morning and they were already sitting in the same bed—the slide of their tongues against each other felt close to inevitable. Especially when it was *them*, especially after George had spent so long staring at his best friend with a mind full of unholy thoughts, especially after Dream had indulged in so much risque flirting that left all their friends wondering where the jokes ended and something serious began.

Here. It began here. With George’s lips pressed into Dream’s, with his mouth open and teeth grazed against his tongue. He tried not to whimper so soon, he really did, but the sound escaped him without much thought and he was twisting his body to press closer to Dream.

Dream wasn’t going to deny him the opportunity. He only looked to encourage it, to reach his hands across George’s body and grab him by the backs of his thighs, to pull him up and into his lap and let his hands grip onto clothed shoulders. Their chests bumped together without much thought, and Dream let his fingers play with the hem of George’s t-shirt. But he didn’t take it off, not even when their lips fell away from each other and Dream coasted his mouth down the side of his neck.

George responded with a tightened grip, the tug of cloth beneath his hands, too much squirming for someone seated in anyone’s lap. Dream groaned at the friction, far too evident through not enough clothes, sank his teeth into George’s skin until the brunet was twisting on top of him, a soft whimper falling past his lips. One hand snaked up to grab Dream’s hair, and he was pulled away.

“Do you not want me to bite you?”

The heaving breaths and bright pink face said he did.

“You’ll kill me.”

“Literally?” Dream wore a too-playful smirk. “Or in the really hot way?”

“Shut up.” There was no bite in his tone.

But there was bite when their lips sank back together, and it was George’s teeth on Dream’s lips.

Tearing into him like he hadn't just told the blond to *not* do that, pulling at the plush skin like he wanted him to bleed. Maybe he did. George wasn't sure who's blood he'd want to taste if given the opportunity—Dream's or his own.

Maybe neither.

Dream fought the teeth on his lips with his own. They clicked together clumsily, the sound mixing with the sticky sounds of lips moving in a way that made them look amateur. Not like it mattered, not when they were so *close* and finally getting it all. It wasn't riddled with inexperience like it appeared, it was hot and desperate and George was trying not to rut against Dream pathetically.

Maybe Dream would tease him for that. Maybe he'd call him pathetic. Maybe he'd make him get off like that. *Did George want that?* His mind was so hazy and all he knew was it was Dream and that maybe, *maybe* he wanted that. He felt his lips drop open at the prospect, his teeth falling away from their mess of a fight. He felt the smirk against his lips. Dream had won.

And the hands on his ass felt like victory, tugging George's body closer until their stomachs were flush together. Tugging until George was seated close enough to feel Dream's hardening cock beneath him, the sensation enough to make him whine, hips stuttering without much thought and his hand slipping free from blond hair.

Dream laughed again. He laughed with that same attractive lowness, only this time the air that fell past his lips was pressed right against George. And with a responding whine, George fucking *bounced*. It punched a breath out of Dream's mouth, drew his hands tighter to gather grey fabric.

"Is that what you want?" Dream asked with a lilt in his tone. "To bounce on my cock?"

Thin fingers pulled at the fabric of Dream's shirt and George whined, moving his wrists in pathetically small movements as if that would get Dream's chest stripped bare. As if to emphasize Dream's last point, George bounced again—lifted his hips up slightly only to roll forward and drop back down again. One of his hands fell to the waistband of Dream's boxers. He hooked two fingers under it, gave Dream a pleading look with darkened eyes.

"Is it?" Dream asked breathlessly, barely catching the motion that was George nodding. "Words, baby."

It came out gasping. "Yes."

"Need to..." Dream paused. "Do you have lube?"

George's face turned darker and his eyes glided over to the window. The hand he had so tantalizingly close to Dream's cock reeled back, slid up the front of his shirt instead as if that was somehow *better*. It wasn't. Dream was losing his mind.

But he managed to pull one of his hands up to George's face, tap lightly against his chin and feel the heat of him against his fingers. When George didn't budge, he turned his grip tighter on his jaw, forced his head to spin and meet his eyes through the poorly lit room.

"Do you?" George nodded. His embarrassment was palpable, and Dream gleamed with arrogance. "What, were you planning this?"

George was quick to defend himself. "No!"

"So you weren't planning to get me like this?" George shook his head. "Were you planning to get *Sapnap* like this?"

George hit his chest with a frown. “Don’t talk about him right now!” He whined. “I brought it for myself.”

“For yourself?” George looked away again. “Georgie.” He crossed his arms defensively. “Georgie, go get the lube.”

He climbed out of Dream’s lap hesitantly, practically shaking as he walked to the corner of the room. Dream tugged his shirt off quickly, catching George kneeled down in front of his suitcase once he got the fabric on the floor. And when George came back, he returned to their previous position—a half-empty bottle of lube in tow.

Dream took it from his hand. He raised an eyebrow at George, laughed quiet in breath and arrogance. “You use this a lot?”

“Shut *up*.”

“What do you do with it?”

George reached his hand out, tried to grab at Dream’s cock again without looking too pathetic. He got his fingers to brush against the fabric, muttered out a “*Dream*,” with too much whine in his tone.

Dream caught his wrist before it pushed too hard. “No.” It was stern, but he was grinning. “You’re gonna tell me what you do to yourself.”

George whined, and Dream looked at him expectantly. He even shoved his wrist away, made George sit in his lap with both hands at his sides while Dream tried to slide George’s shirt off.

“I just—” Dream tugged his shirt off. “—fingers, okay?”

Dream dragged his palm down George’s chest, snaked the hand around to slide down the back of George’s pants.

“You finger yourself?”

“Don’t,” George huffed, “don’t say it like that.”

“Well, you do.” Dream pressed a finger against George’s hole through his boxers, not missing the high whine or the way his hips stuttered. “How many?”

“I’m not,” George gasped when Dream pushed harder, “entertaining your *bullshit* anymore.”

Dream reeled his finger back. “You want my cock or no?” George whimpered. “That a yes?” He nodded. “So answer me.”

“God— *four*.”

Dream groaned, pressing his hand forward hard enough to tug George’s body closer still. And he’d be lying if he said he tried not to picture it. He didn’t try at all—he let the thought cross his mind the second George said those words.

He was spread out on the bed, four fingers shoved inside himself, head thrown back with a lewd moan. God, Dream would kill to hear those noises right now. Would kill to see the face he made to go along with it. Surely, George was hot as hell in that state—he was already absurdly attractive, especially now, when he was a lapful of desperate hot boy writhing beneath the lightest touch.

“Four fingers?”

“Well,” George’s following breath shuddered, “your hands are bigger and—and I always pretend it’s you.”

It was seconds, and George was thrown onto the bed. His face collided with the pillows roughly, but Dream was up on his knees and manhandling his body around to sit as he pleased. Namely, with his ass up and on display, all the clothes covering him tugged off without question.

“Fucking hell, George,” Dream groaned, pressing a hand against his own desperate cock as if trying to stifle it. “I’m fucking you into the mattress.”

George’s “*please*” was muffled into the pillow. Dream grabbed him by the hair to roll his head to the side, exposing his drooling mouth so he could hear every noise that fell past it—including the shuddered breaths he was making now, lined effortlessly with pathetic little whines.

As much as Dream wanted to watch George bounce on his cock like he promised, he couldn’t deny how good he looked like this, too. Practically on display for Dream, no questions asked, no hesitation. He would do anything Dream asked him to, like spreading his knees wider and arching his back to give a better view.

Dream glanced at the bottle of lube he’d dropped on the bed. *In a minute.*

With two hands, he spread George apart. Flicked his tongue over his hole with unexpected ease, reveled in the responding whimper and the way George started to squirm on the bed. So he did it again, pressed his tongue down harder when it rolled over George’s hole, kept the muscle laid flat to make him wet with spit. With the third lick, Dream pressed his tongue in, felt George tighten around him and whine high in his throat.

Dream pushed forward until his lips were pressed against George, spread him wider with the hands still on either side of his head. And he licked into George’s hole without second thought, savored the mild taste against his tongue, reeled his back momentarily to watch his spit drip out of him.

Instead of pressing his head back in, Dream tugs George’s hips to meet him. Knees slid across sheets, and George managed to arch his back impossibly further. And Dream was pushing tongue back into George, working him open as much as he could like this and trying not to get too desperate. The latter wasn’t working too well—one of his hands had fallen from George to palm himself through his boxers and started tugging them down with distracted difficulty.

He pulls back to get them off completely. “George.” Dream urges. “Roll your hips back for me.”

George whines in response. His knees spread wider, and Dream dives back in. He wraps fingers around his cock, tugs his other hand sideways to expose George’s hole better, shoves his tongue back in and lets the room fill with terribly lewd sounds.

Dream slides his hand down to grip George’s thigh. He tightens around his tongue, and George shifts against the bed; then he does as Dream asked, rolls his hips carefully and grinds back against Dream’s face. He tightens his hand around his cock, leans his head down to lick upward and urges George to move again with a tug on his thigh.

He pressed back, tightened around Dream’s tongue further. He moaned with astonishing immodesty, half-muffled by the pillows he was laid on. And one hand stretched backward, twisting his body strangely so he could grab onto Dream’s hair and tug his face against him.

Dream moaned against him, jaw dropped open as he spread slick spit against his tightening hole,

the hand on George's thigh edging higher again to press a thumb against his rim. The new stimulation made George pull his hair, forcing Dream's tongue deeper inside himself while the blond jerked his own cock.

He pulled his tongue out, sucked onto George harshly enough with tight lips so it made a sound when he broke away. Fingers twitched in his mess of blond hair, a stuttered moan falling past George's lips when Dream moved to sit up on his knees. The hand fell against the bed, and Dream spread George open with a firm grip again.

"You want my..." Dream took a terribly shivered breath.

George didn't wait for what it was. "Yes."

It was whiny and desperate. Dream cursed under his breath, pulled his hand off his cock begrudgingly and pressed a finger against George's hole. He eyed the lube laid against the sheets. In his head, he repeated the same mantra. *In a minute.*

He pressed his finger in ever so slightly, the spit left behind from his tongue far too hasty to get much farther. But George clenched down on him anyways, like he was trying to suck Dream's finger into himself with a whimper.

"Fuck." Dream pulled his finger back. "You need something in here now, huh? Filling you up like you deserve?"

George whined in answer, pushed his hips back as if chasing Dream's retreat—but the finger was long gone. His empty whimper made Dream laugh all low again, reaching out to grab the lube with a shaking hand before he slicked up two fingers.

The first one slides in with ease. George is already sloppy wet, and the lube certainly helps immensely—and he's already tightening around the intrusion, providing that intoxicating sense of difficulty when Dream tries to twist his finger. He's already prodding at the rim with his second finger, and George is pushing back to encourage it.

And George was right. Dream's fingers were bigger than his, and even with the help of his tongue before—it still felt tight to take him in. But Dream tugged his finger back, forced the second one in alongside it, huffing something under his breath about how George could take it.

"When was the last time you did this to yourself?"

The sound it made when he Dream pushed his fingers in all the way was obscene. It was slick, and George was rolling his hips back with more intent as if it would get Dream to press in deeper.

"This morning," he gasped. "B-Before... yeah."

Dream twisted his fingers with a groan. *This morning?* Jesus. He could vaguely remember when they first got to the hotel, splitting off to go put all their stuff in their rooms before meeting back in the lobby to get ready.

When he thought about it hard enough—crooking his fingers to ghost against George's prostate, drinking in the responding whine—he remembered standing by the front desk with Sapnap waiting for George. Remembered the way he stumbled out of the elevator ten minutes later with a flushed face and the worthless excuse he'd spit out when asked about it.

Something about misplacing his phone. Something about getting too nervous when he couldn't find it. Something about how he knew it had to be in the room. Dream had shrugged it off and

they'd gone to their concert venue, but now—holy shit.

He couldn't *not* laugh. Breathy, perhaps a little desperate, but still dripping with recognizable arrogance while he spread his fingers apart.

"You were fucking touching yourself then?" He pressed his fingers in harder, pulled a whine from George's pretty mouth. "Were you *that* impatient?"

George inhaled with a startling sharpness, hands gripping onto the headboard as he pushed back against Dream's fingers.

"You—" he stumbled over a moan, "I kept—" Dream twisted his fingers to see if he'd do it again, and he did, "your *hands* —I couldn't stop thinking about them."

Dream fell forward slightly, caught himself with his hand pressed to George's lower back. It forced his fingers in deeper, pulled another whine from George and turned his grip knuckle-white. Dream tried to swallow the groan he made, but it didn't do anything but make him sound *more* desperate.

"Fuck," Dream gasped, halting the motion of his fingers. "And you didn't want to share the bed with me?"

George whined. "Not when I fucked myself open on it thinking about you."

Dream pulled back with a groan that he didn't try to stifle, didn't miss the way George's hips lifted as if to chase his hand or the empty whimper he made when he lost them. Dream tried to lube his three fingers as quickly as possible, pushing two back in before the bottle hit the mattress and letting the room fill again with pretty, obscene noises.

He slipped the third finger in and felt that beautiful stretch again. Twisted those fingers and spread them apart, let his touch glide against George's prostate again—just long enough to make him moan out loud. Then he avoided it with cruel intent, memorized where it was just so he could miss it by the smallest margin.

When George's thighs started shaking, he knew he was doing something right. Then he pulled back, drove in one last time for good measure, and left George empty once again. It probably wasn't enough. Dream didn't have it in him to care at this point—he was beyond desperate, aching cock practically begging for release.

"Turn over."

George's movements lacked all hesitation. And he was laid out for Dream, facing up to the ceiling with a mess of barely-damp hair and a pretty flushed face. His cock was hard and leaking onto his stomach; Dream couldn't stifle the urge to lean down and lick his stomach clean. It was unnecessary at best, but the warm glide of Dream's tongue on his skin still made George whimper, and his mouth being so close to his cock was the hottest form of torture.

But Dream was already sitting up on his knees again. And he was already stroking a lube-slick hand over his cock, inching forward on the bed while he did it to grab one of George's thighs and pull his body closer.

George was watching when Dream finally pressed into him. Dream was watching, too—both their gazes caught on the way Dream's cock disappeared inside of George, sliding into him with a stinging stretch, but it felt strangely welcome like this.

Dream took hold of both of George's hips. He sank in all the way with agonizing slowness, feeling

the way George's body twitched minutely when they were put so close together. It made his breath stutter, made him moan under breath when his hips pressed flush against George, and his eyes rolled up that twisted body to catch on a terribly red face that looked about ready to crack.

"Dream." His name sounded better when Dream was shoved inside him. "Don't be gentle."

He could do that. He planned to do that. And who would he be to deny a request so pretty?

So he pulled out. Snapped his hips in before he got halfway, felt the bed creak beneath their bodies when the skin hit together. And he did it again. Leaned over George's body, propped himself up on forearms at either side of his head. Their faces were close enough for their breath to mix, close enough for Dream to see the gloss of spit over George's pretty lips.

Dream found that he was right, too—George *was* hot as hell like this. With his lips dropped open and his eyes dark and clouded, looking beyond desperate against the bed and screaming with *pretty privilege*. Dream would've done anything to keep George like this, to keep him with that too-hot facial expression and his cock buried inside him.

Until that became possible, he intended to fuck him into next week.

He shifted slightly to throw one of George's legs up over his shoulder. It stretched the muscles awkwardly when Dream leaned down like this, but George seemed more than willing to take it. He slung his arms around Dream's neck and pulled as if to make him start moving again. It worked.

Dream wasn't going very fast. It was a strange angle and he was shuddering, forcing his thrusts slow. But they weren't gentle—that's exactly what George told him *not* to do. Dream moved his hips with intent, brought himself back into George with a rough slamming that hit the bed against the wall with every thrust.

Surely that was bothersome. Surely they'd wake the people in the adjacent room up, if there were any. But neither of them cared enough to be considerate, not when Dream was sinking teeth into the side of George's neck to suck a claiming mark into his skin.

He fucked into him harder. Left another pretty bruise right next to the first one, wringing moans past George's lips while his nails dug into the skin of Dream's back. It made him groan, made him sink his teeth in hard enough to leave divots on George's throat, so he reeled back before he made him bleed.

Sat up on his knees. Left one hand on George's thigh and the other on his waist, finally managed to pick up speed and crowd the room with obscene noises.

Skin hitting skin, the slickness of lube with every downstroke, the bed against the wall, but the loudest thing had to be George. Dream wasn't sure if this qualified as *screaming* or not, but it certainly qualified as *shitty backup vocals at our gig tomorrow*. If he wasn't literally fucking into George at that moment, maybe he would've cared enough to consider that.

But instead, he fucked harder.

"*Dream!*" Decidedly, his name was best in a desperate cry. "So— so—"

It died out in a moan. Died out in George's eyes rolling back into his skull, head falling back to expose his marked-up throat to the ceiling and Dream's claiming gaze. Those bruises would be visible above his shirt. That's what Dream had been going for.

George tightens impossibly. It leaves Dream practically seeing stars, falling back against the bed to

press his lips against George's ear and mutter out and "*I'm close.*" But he makes it his mission to get George to finish first, to make him spill over their stomachs in white glory before Dream fucks him full of cum.

And Dream gets his wish. When he sucks down on the side of George's neck again, starts making another mark to match all the others—George cries out at the ceiling and paints their stomachs white. Dream can't help but slide his fingers down against George's abdomen, gathering cum on the tips of his fingers while George's whole body shakes—both from the still constant motion of Dream's hips and the fact that he just came.

Dream pushed his slick fingers against George's lips. With a mewl, he parts his lips and sucks the digits into his mouth, laves his tongue over the skin to gather his own cum off of Dream's hand. And when he clamps his teeth down against Dream, he finishes, too—spilling into George with a pathetic groan into his ear.

He tried to keep moving his hips, and he went for as long as possible before collapsing into a boneless heap on top of George. It was heavy breathing, slicked cum caught between their stomachs and the sun starting to rise outside the window. There was a glow of orange on the floor. What time were they supposed to be awake again?

Dream laughed carefully, the hazy arousal of it gone from the sound. It was lilted, coated thick with a joking tone but still breath against George's ear.

"I can't fucking believe you."

George's response is a strange whine of confusion, strangled and stuck in his throat. He wraps his fingers around Dream's broad shoulder, twists his head away when Dream moves to sit up on his forearms again.

"That's what changed," Dream said accusingly, a warm smile covering his face. "In the past three years. You stopped touching me because you wanted it too bad."

George frowned, but his face was far too red to be taken seriously. "Shut up."

Dream leaned down to plant a kiss on his lips through stifled laughter, tasting the vague flavor of cum off of George's lips. He tries to keep it innocent through his post-sex haze, but George is splitting his lips open and practically begging for Dream to lick him up.

"I think," Dream whispers, "you should be my boyfriend."

George smiled, slid his hands up to grip Dream's face and tug him down into his lips again. He tasted sweeter this time, even if it had only been seconds since the last.

"I think so too."

"You can ride me next time," Dream said with a grin. "You'd look pretty bouncing on my cock."

George hit his shoulder. "*Dream!*" He was laughing in spite of his defensiveness.

"What?" Dream laughed. "I'm just being honest."

When they stumbled into the lobby four hours later, Sapnap was already waiting for them. Dream slipped away to get a new room key like he said he would, leaving Sapnap to analyze George's over-tired eyes and the hickies he hadn't tried to cover.

He narrowed his eyes at the brunet. “What the hell did you do last night?”

George glanced over his shoulder, locking eyes with Dream where he stood at the front desk. They were both grinning too widely and with too much mirth in their eyes, so Sapnap took out his phone.

“Never mind,” he said quickly, “I don’t want to know.”

End Notes

helloihaveneverwrittenrimmingbefore

anyways ! i hope you enjoyed here is my [twitter](#) because i always plug it lol

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